

## FOURTH IN SIZE BUT FIRST IN PRICE.

## The Cheap John

### NEW BARGAIN CLOTHING HOUSE,

The Cheapest place in Owosso to buy Clothing—Read the following prices and be convinced:

#### Gents' Furnishing Goods..

Heavy Overshirts, worth 35c, our price..... 25c  
Heavy Jersey Overshirts, worth 50c, our price..... 40c  
Heavy All-wool Overshirts, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25, our price..... 75c  
Heavy Underwear, big bargain for 25c  
Heavy All-wool Fleece-lined Underwear, worth 75c, at..... 50c  
Heavy Gray Wool Shirts, worth 50c, our price..... 38c  
One line Ladies' Underwear, worth 35c, at..... 25c  
Cotton Socks, worth 5c, at..... 3c  
Heavy All-wool Socks, worth 25c, at..... 10c  
Suspenders, worth 25c, at..... 10c  
Leather Suspenders at..... 15c  
Mittens and Gloves at wholesale prices  
Woolen Mittens, worth 25c, at..... 7c  
White Laundry Shirts, worth 50c and 75c, at..... 40c  
The best Overall in the world, they are sold all over for 75c, our price..... 48c  
Plush Caps, worth 50c and 75c, our price..... 25c  
Heavy Cloth Caps, excellent value, 75c, at..... 39c  
Heavy Beaver Caps, worth 50c and 75c, at..... 39c  
Duck Coats..... 89c  
Fine Dress Shirts, worth \$1.00, at..... 69c  
Men's Single Vests at 50c, 75c and \$1.00

#### Shoes..

200 pairs Shoes, sizes 9, 10 and 11, all odd sizes, we will close them out at One-half Price.

#### Clothing..

Heavy All-wool Suits, worth \$10.00, our price..... \$6.50  
Working Suits..... 3.00  
All-wool Suits, worth \$8.00, at..... 4.90

#### Overcoats..

Fine Dress Beaver Coat, worth \$10.00, at..... \$6.50  
Heavy All-wool Chinchilla, worth \$15.00, at..... 9.00  
One lot of Overcoats at..... 2.50  
One lot of Overcoats at..... 4.50

#### Pants..

One lot of fine Clay Worsted Pants worth \$4.50, at..... \$3.00  
One lot of fine Tailor-made Pants, worth \$4.00, at..... 2.50  
One lot Heavy Dressing Pants, worth \$2.00, at..... 1.25  
One lot of Cassimere Pants, worth \$3.00, at..... 1.75  
Good Heavy Working Pants, worth \$1.50, at..... 1.00  
Special bargains in Children's Suits.  
Boys' Knee Pants at..... 19c

### LOOK FOR THE BIG "CHEAP JOHN" SIGN.

We lead in Low Prices at the Great Bargain Store. Headquarters, Saginaw. Branch store, Owosso.

### THE CHEAP JOHN NEW BARGAIN CLOTHING HOUSE,

113 W. Main Street,

Owosso, Mich.

## A. DECKERT, THE TAILOR.

The Cheapest Place in the city to get your Clothing Made to Order.

Overcoats, = = \$20.00  
Suits, = = 18.00  
Pantaloon, = = 4.00

All Wool Goods. No Cotton or Shoddy. Fit or your Money back.

## A. DECKERT,

113 S. Washington St., Owosso.

## The Radiant Home Air Blast

WITH XXth CENTURY FIRE POT.

(Radiant Home Air Blast.)

For all grades of

SOFT COAL,  
HARD COAL,  
OR WOOD.

If you want a Stove with which you can save money by burning Slack and the Cheaper Grades of Soft Coal, doing away with the soot puffing and smoke that has heretofore made Soft Coal objectionable for house use, buy this stove.

SAVE MONEY BY BURNING SOFT COAL.

It takes the Coal and Burns the Gas.

(20th Century Fire Pot)

Call and examine our Large and Elegant Stock of Coal and Wood Heating Stoves, Cook Stoves, Ranges, etc., and you will surely be able to suit yourself as to kind and price.

113 E. Main Street.

IRA G. CURRY, HARDWARE.

#### Dosed to Death.

The Psalmist said in his haste that all men were liars, but today he would say so after mature deliberation—especially medicine men.

Look at the great army of so-called manufacturing chemists, nostrum venders, traveling pill peddlers, and patent medicine makers, whose numbers are rapidly increasing, all pandering to the public craze for more medicine, and why? Well, habit has a great deal to do with it; and further, people get just enough insight into disease and its so-called cure by household books and distressing advertisements to make them miserably watchful over every little ache, pain or derangement of normal conditions of the system, either fancied or real. And they know just enough to take advertised nostrums, which they imagine will fit their case, without considering that they are poisoning themselves with something, the ingredients of which they are as ignorant as the man who sells it to them.

It is astounding when we consider the number and variety of these venders. St. Louis, Mo., alone, is said to hold over three hundred of these vampires called medical chemists, who issue from some hole-in-the-wall flaming advertisements, and all they require is printer's ink, vials and gail. The drugs, bottled bilge water, or whatever is needed to fill the vials with, they procure as per demand. Anything, no matter what, if sufficiently advertised, will sell; and it is reported that a man in London, Eng., struck a little fake on which he made ten million dollars in as many months or weeks. It was a very brief time at least, and still there's more to follow.

Isn't the vulgar popul alone who are roped in, either. Physicians who ought to know better, allow themselves to use proprietary medicines the constituents of which they are entirely ignorant, simply because it's said to do so and so and it is convenient and palatable for their patients. There is no excuse for such things save the indolence or ignorance of the physician, coupled with an unwillingness, perhaps, on the part of some to patronize the druggist who is encased in law, as a privileged character.

In this connection comes the various and frequent fad across the water, so that the younger practitioners vie with each other as to which can make the most racket relative to them, and the air is full of microbes and bacilli and germs of all kinds and conditions. Biological products for the cure of every ail that flesh is heir to are pushed upon the profession with a persistency worthy of a better cause, and they are too frequently used to the detriment of the patient.

Take for instance Pasteur's hydrophobia cure by inoculation of rabid poison, a large institute for the propagation of which was erected by government in Paris for the late Louis Pasteur, when the fact exists that since his death and the decline of the hurbug, Paris has been absolutely free from hydrophobia, and the better part of the profession are coming to the conclusion that there is no such disease as idiopathic hydrophobia. That the ailment, so called, is a purely nervous derangement, having its origin solely in the imagination. People die with simply mental recoil and they get well occasionally in the same manner, as a Christian science, if we may be allowed the expression.

The various anti-toxins are followed up with a degree of pertinacity that admits of no dalliance and the occasional mishap that follows their use is plastered over with the assumed good said to be derived in many. If not most instances. But it must be remembered that other and appropriate treatment always accompanies their use, so that it is not easy to say with positive certainty in any case that recovery would not have taken place without them. One case is in the knowledge of the writer where a thirteen years old boy in the country was induced by his mother, who was nurse in a diphtheria hospital to come and take a hypodermic of anti-toxin. He went back, had the disease and died with it. The only conclusion that we can arrive at is that the inoculation killed him, as it did many of Pasteur's patients. It might be well right here to note the following. Dr. W. M. Walsh, of the Municipal Hospital, Philadelphia, in his annual report for 1896 to the board of health, has this to say regarding the use of anti-toxin in that hospital: "During the past year anti toxin was administered alike to mild and severe cases on admission, without regard to the duration of illness, the only difference being that the severe cases received repeated injections. Of the 869 cases of diphtheria, 553 received anti-toxin, and of these 143 died, giving a death rate of 25.67 per cent, against 25.14 per cent the preceding year; 316 cases did not receive anti-toxin, and of these 51 died, a death rate of 13.39 per cent."

It is undesirable for a doctor to get into a rut and travel where there is a good professional bicycle track along the highway of practice; neither is it best to inveigh against all innovations respecting prehistoric treatment, but when we come to know as we do by recent geological discoveries that bacteria have existed ever since the creation of the world or since the first formation of cell growth, at least, the idea of exterminating them with germicides seems altogether too diaphanous.

Another erroneous idea which is not confined to the laity, is that medicine cures disease, whereas the fact is that medicine cures nothing. It removes obstacles, but nature

does the cure. Take a wound for instance: we bring the parts together and hold them there, but no medicinal art can cure the cut. Nature, however, picks up the severed threads of tissue and knits them together with astonishing rapidity sometimes.

Here is a whole world, however, crazy to swallow drugs and becoming more so every day, until it really seems as tho' the universe revolved around a bottle of bitters, and the physician who doesn't pander to this popular clamor is sat down upon, when the fact is, that taking in consideration the immense amount of harm done by overdosing and the universal use of patent medicines, the probability is that mankind would be better off if there were no drugs in existence. This statement is not incompatible with the fact that drugs do occasionally save life, but the excessive use of them probably destroys more than they save. Like whiskey for snake-bite, it kills more people than it cures.

As to the anti-toxin treatment it has yet to be proven, as different observers report widely different results, but notwithstanding the fact that the board of health of a certain city in this country sent a doctor to Detroit during a recent epidemic of diphtheria, to procure a supply of that remedy for free distribution, I should hesitate a good while before a child of mine would be allowed to have an injection of the poison thrust into its arm or anywhere else. One disease at a time is enough, and in common practice diphtheries should recover as a rule with good, skillful treatment. Having had an experience with it extending over nearly forty years I can speak with some little degree of authority respecting the disease.

WARD.

Lansburg, Nov. 29, 1897.

#### A Hunting Story.

The writer is a law-abiding Owosso citizen and does not intend to be otherwise whenever allowed a "breathing spell" out of the city dust and shop, in the pure country air. Having worked steadily for a year at a bench in one of our factories I decided that I could afford a day off for recreation and gunning.

One fair, warm morning I started southward and soon came to the famed Maple River valley, where prohibiting bills were firmly posted on landed estates consisting of a dozen tamarack trees, or a willow swamp. I dare not enter these, but farther on I came to quite a tract of timber, and "no hunting" bulletins to be seen I ventured in, and soon spied a fine fox squirrel. Expectations high and squirrel also high on uppermost twigs of tree tops, jumping from one to another, seeming in great haste to get somewhere. Just as he was in fair range and distance he raised upright in glee, dignity and grandeur and barked defiance at me, for was he not on a tree owned by a free holder of lands? Surely he was and therefore safe from harm of shot or potpie. I dare not shoot however strong the inclination.

Trudging on I soon came upon half a dozen wild turkeys. With a peculiar instinct they, too, like the squirrel, seemed in a hurry to "go west," and flew, lighting on trees just over the line in fair sight and range. But again a "no hunting" sign confronted me; and more, the opulent owner of lands over the fence also, who commanded me to "xit" or he would make me the defendant in law, with the champion damage suit attorneys W. & C. for the complainant—so I got.

Still hoping that I might capture something lawfully, if only a rabbit for a family Thanksgiving dinner, I tried in another direction. While crossing an open corn-stubble field, and no "signs" appearing, a flock of wild geese, on their annual journey towards a more temperate clime, came down to rest their weary wings and replenish their empty crops for the remainder of their journey. Now, if ever, is my chance thought I, creeping slyly behind a fence 'til near the tempting flock. Just as I was ready to blaze away two loads at once, a noise behind startled me, and before my face on a pine board, with a six foot handle nailed to it, was held another notice. The owner meantime shouting "Hold sir, them air geese are on my place, and therefore mine. See, here's my sign." "Say," said I, "please let me drop a few of those fellows, I'll give you half I capture." "No, no sir, my rights I'll not divide. My field, my geese, or nobody's. Shew," and a club went whizzing among the geese and they all went up and away.

Tired, hungry, discouraged and disgusted, I took a "bee line" for the highway and thence north homeward. As I neared the iron bridge and the banks of the Maple, I saw above its placid waters, slowly drifting down toward me, a half dozen fine ducks. This now, said I to myself, is my chance, for I'm not on anybody's land. But while waiting for the river's current to float the game nearer, I spied on a post another card prohibiting, and the claimant of said river, marsh, muck and all, confronting me. Seeing the situation, he informed me that if I was hunting ducks I was a trespasser. He had granted the right of way through his possessions for highway purposes only. The roadside was his and no hunting was allowed there, and he told me I might meander homeward; but if I shot ducks or anything I would "have injective papers served on me to injunct me from walking in the highway."

Well, I wondered and as I wondered I wondered, if all things on earth or under it belonged to "Us, We & Co." If all things

that walked the land, all that flew in air, all that lived on trees, or swam in or on the waters, belonged to the fellows who had titles, beahships, or otherwise, to the soil. I wondered if everybody was in sympathy with the "dog in the manger" business. I wondered where a man with or without an interrogation affix to his name can get a chance to catch a chipmunk, English sparrow, or woodchuck without being a breaker of some law in Maple Drain Valley.

POOR HUNTER.

#### Eastern Star Installation and Banquet.

For an infant scarcely eight months old Abigail chapter No. 206, Order of the Eastern Star, exhibited unmistakable signs of health and vigor last Tuesday evening on the occasion of their first installation of officers.

Beginning last March with thirty charter members the chapter has since been working under a special dispensation until Tuesday evening, when a charter was granted the chapter, the membership of which has increased to ninety-one, including many of the representative ladies of Owosso.

Grand Worthy Matron Ida Jocelyn, Past Grand Worthy Matron Lydia Pratt, and Past Grand Worthy Patron F. H. Hosford, were present and had charge of the installation ceremonies.

The early part of the evening, however, was given to the initiation of Rev. E. W. Hunt and wife, Hugo Wesener and R. P. Bigelow into the mysteries of the order.

After closing the chapter the many friends of the organization who had gathered in the parlors were invited into the lodge room to witness the installation of the following officers elected for the ensuing year:

Worthy Matron, Ida M. Hume  
Worthy Patron, Asa D. Whipple  
Assistant Matron, Elsie Whipple  
Conductress, Bernice Collins  
Associate Conductress, Ella Bentley  
Secretary, Jessie Loring  
Treasurer, Alice Stewart  
Ada, May Webster  
Ruth, Myra Cossett  
Esther, Kate Kohler  
Martha, Kate Conner  
Eileta, Maud Danner  
Chaplain, Amelia Osborn  
Organist, Ella Watson  
Marshal, Anna Crum  
Warder, Lillian Hadsall  
Sentinel, John Wolverton.

The chapter has recently purchased elegant silk robes for the several officers, who appeared in their new uniforms for the first time Tuesday evening. The ceremonies were witnessed by fully two hundred interested spectators who applauded heartily when the fourteen officers executed the drill used in opening the chapter.

At the close of the installation the members and their friends were served with an elaborate lunch in the lodge parlors, during which the Mandolin Club furnished excellent music.

The chapter choir, composed of Mesdames Jennie Osburn, Franc Curry, Georgia Curry, Belle Ash, Hulda Christian, and Miss Edith Friesche, came in for their share of the praise for making the evening an enjoyable one.

The chapter received some warm words of commendation from the grand officers, who expressed great pleasure at the work of the officers in initiating the candidates and the results accomplished by the chapter since its organization.

#### Sears nee Foster.

Mrs. Luther Sears, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Foster, whose home is southwest of here two miles, died in New York City last Saturday p. m., of diphtheritic croup, after less than a week's illness, aged 35 years.

Belle Foster, as she was familiarly known through this community as well as in Ovid and Durand, was an exceptionally excellent young lady, and only seven short months ago last Sunday she was married to Luther Sears, formerly of Ovid, and the young couple went immediately to New York City where Mr. Sears had for some time been in business.

Although she was adopted by the Foster's when but two years old, she seemed as dear to them as their own flesh and blood could be, and as she was their only child, every care as well as affection was lavished upon her and she was a very lovable child. "None knew her but to love her." She was very proficient as an elocutionist and had frequent calls for her services in that capacity, both at home and abroad, and one of those peculiarly happy dispositions that carry sunshine wherever they go.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster and the young husband are completely overwhelmed with grief, in fact our entire community, while they sympathize with them deeply, feel as though they had suffered a common loss.

Her remains were brought home last Monday and she was buried in the Reed cemetery, four miles west of here, Wednesday p. m., Rev. Coddington officiating. A large concourse of people followed her body to the grave.

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow," But oh, dear Belle, 'tis sad to let you go, Just at the threshold of a joyous life Your heart-crushed husband renders up his wife. And, who can measure in the coming years The load of sorrow not expressed by tears, Which shall weigh down with silent, constant woe; Your dearest loved ones as they onward go To the still land of sleep from which none wake To bring back tidings for the mourner's sake. Lansburg, Dec. 3, 1897. W.

Beans wanted at the Owosso Central Mills.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

#### Wedding Bells.

Again they were heard to ring, this time from the home of Mrs. Ann E. Lingle, of Maple Ridge Park, Owosso. Drawn by their merry chimas twenty-five near relatives and friends on Dec. 1st, 1897, assembled to participate in the festivities, and promptly at 8 o'clock p. m. the ceremony was performed by Ed. L. W. Spayd, and William A. Grumley and Miss Hattie B. Lingle were congratulated as one in matrimonial bonds. The guests then sat down to such a feast as only ingenious minds and hands could provide, after which social converse continued to a late hour. Many beautiful presents were left by the guests. All in all one rarely witnesses a more delightful wedding occasion. Mr. Grumley is the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Whelan and has for years been known as Arthur Whelan. He is a most excellent young man and has the respect of all who know him. He has been a member for some time past of the firm of Aiken & Whelan. Our congratulations are extended to the happy couple.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fairfield, in Middlebury, Nov. 30, 1897, their daughter, Georgia, to Frank Smith, a resident of the same vicinity. Only the near relatives of the contracting parties were present. Following the marriage ceremony performed by Ed. L. W. Spayd, of Owosso, 6 guests partook of an excellent supper which was followed by a very pleasant social time. A number of beautiful offerings, attesting to the kind esteem of friends, were left the happy pair, to whom it is hoped the occasion will ever be a pleasant memory.

Married, Anson Dean and Miss Anna Streeter, both of Henderson, at the residence of Ed. L. W. Spayd, 503 east Williams street, Owosso. The young people are both highly esteemed and their many friends will congratulate their happy union. They will spend a few weeks in Bay City and vicinity and will thereafter be at home one-half mile west of Henderson.

Miss Maude Wheeler, of Frankfort, and Charles Willoughby, of this city, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony Saturday evening, at the Baptist parsonage, by Rev. C. V. Northrop.

Miss Maude Willoughby acted as bridesmaid and Benjamin Priest as best man. A few relatives witnessed the ceremony. A bridal feast was served at the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, at 633 east Mason street, after the knot was tied.

Mr. Willoughby is well known in this city, having lived here the greater part of his life and is at present employed at the Woodward casket works. Miss Wheeler formerly lived in this city and has many friends in the vicinity.

#### Death of Harry Powers.

Harry, the eleven years old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Powers, died Sunday evening at 6 o'clock at the home of his parents on west Main street, from inflammation of the brain. A few weeks ago he received a fall from a trapeze, which is thought to be the cause of his brain trouble.

Harry was a very bright and prepossessing lad, who had a bright future before him. He was a member of the choir of the Episcopal church and was well liked by all who knew him.

The funeral services were held from the house at 2 o'clock and from the Episcopal church at 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Hunt officiating.

Take advantage of T. O. Christian's special Watch Sale for December. T. O. CHRISTIAN, OWOSSO.

Salesmen Wanted.—\$100 to \$125 per month and expenses. Staple line; position permanent, pleasant and desirable. Address with stamp, Seymour-Whitney Co., R. 215, Chicago.

## FLORAL DESIGNS...

for Funerals and Weddings,

at the Greenhouses of

HERB. B. DEAL, FLORIST.

Cornstock street east, Owosso, Mich.

You will find a good assortment to select from. Orders promptly filled. We have a telephone in our office and can be reached at any time.